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DICTIONARY, Containing
the true Meaning of all **WORDS**
in the **ENGLISH LANGUAGE**: Also
the **PROPER NAMES** of all the
KINGDOMS, TOWNS, and CITIES
in the **WORLD**: Properly Explain'd
and Alphabetically Dispos'd. Design'd
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THE
ENGLISH
NOBLEMAN:

OR,

Peasant of Quality.

A TRUE
HISTORY.

Intermix'd with such a Variety of uncommon INCIDENTS, as few True HISTORIES can Parallel.

WESTMINSTER:

Printed for JOHN BRINDLEY, at the *King's Arms*, in *New-Bond-Street*; OLIVE PAYNE, in *Round-Court*, in the *Strand*; JOHN JOLLIFFE, at the *Bible* in *St. James's-Street*; ALEXANDER LYON, in *Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*; and CHARLES CORBETT, at *Addison's Head*, without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXXXV.

THE ENGLISH NOBLEMAN:

OR,

Peculant of Quality.



HISTORY.

Intermix'd with such a Variety of un-
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WESTMINSTER.

Printed for John Baskin, at the New Theatre, in Pall-
mall; Oliver Payne, in Strand; in the
Street; John Johnson, at the Old Swan, in
St. Dunstons; and George Gifford, at the
Old Swan, in St. Dunstons.

THE
English Nobleman,
OR
Peasant of QUALITY.
A TRUE
HISTORY.

WHAT a glorious Retreat is a retired Life for a Gentleman, who has faithfully served his King and Country!

The Baron *de la Sarte* was one of those who had signalized himself in *Italy*, *Flanders* and *Catalonia*, and then retired to his Castle at *Raguidelles* in *Turenne*, where he lived honourably upon forty thousand Livres *per Annum*, which was all he had remaining after his vast Expences in the Army.

This Gentleman was a Widower, and had only two Children, a Son whom he had committed to the Care of the Curate of

B

Raguidelles,

Raguidelles, and a Daughter who was educated in the Convent of the *Carmelites* at *Tours*. The Baron, whose only Study was to give his Children an Education answerable to their Birth, often went to see his Daughter; and the Curate pleased him by frequently bringing his Son to the Castle; but *Sancergues* (which was this young Gentleman's Name) seemed so impatient till he returned to the Village, that his Father was resolved to know the Reason. Sir, said the Curate, I believe it to proceed from his Friendship for the Son of a Peasant whose Name is *Radigues*. The Baron blamed the Meanness of his Fancy, and was about to draw an ill Presage from it, when the Curate added, that the Peasant's Son he had mentioned, was not unworthy of *Sancergues's* Friendship; he is a Child, says he, of extraordinary Qualifications, whose Wit and Understanding are so much superior to his Birth, that he might rather pass for the Son of a Prince than a Labourer; and it is even doubted whether *Radigues* is his Father. He loves Study, and learns all that is taught him with such ease, that it would be a Crime to neglect so promising a Genius. *Sancergues* and this Lad being Companions at School, and continually in Company together, have contracted a surprizing Affection for each other. The following is an Instance of it.

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Sancergues being one Day negligent in his Exercise, I threaten'd to whip him ; but *Felician*, (which is the Name of *Radigues's* Son) intreated me with Tears in his Eyes, that he might receive his Punishment. The Curate observing the Baron was pleas'd with his Discourse, pursu'd it farther, and spoke so favourably of *Felician*, that the good Gentleman had immediately the Curiosity to send for him.

Felician was brought to the Castle ; and the Baron had no sooner fixed his Eyes upon him, but admiring the Beauty of his Countenance, and the Grandeur of his Air, he could not help saying, that *Felician* was unfortunate in having *Radigues* for his Father, and *Radigues* to be pitied that he was not a Man of Quality.

The Curate, who was a good Judge in Physiognomy, boldly affirm'd that Fortune would repair what was defective in his Birth, and that if there was any Truth in Metoposcopy, that *Felician* would one Day make a considerable Figure in the World. They asked him several Questions, which he answered in a manner so different from the Meanness of his Extraction, that the Baron was extremely delighted.

As soon as *Sancergues* and *Felician* were together, a sudden Joy appeared in their

Countenances ; *Sancergues* was very gay, and did not ask to return into the Village, which confirming what the Curate had said, the Baron resolved to educate *Felician* with his Son, and to make them inseparable Companions ; desiring the Curate to cultivate a Plant which promised such fine Fruit : and from that Instant paid the same for his Board as for *Sancergues*, dressed him in the same manner, and changed his Name from *Felician* to *St. Felix*.

The Curate carried this News to *Radiques*, who readily agreed to the Adoption for his own Interest.

When *Sancergues* and *St. Felix* were instructed in the Grounds of the *Latin Tongue*, the Baron removed them from the Curate, and sent them to a College at *Paris*, under the Care of a Tutor, from whence they went to an Academy, where their extraordinary Improvements made them Examples worthy the Imitation of other young Noblemen.

They performed all the Exercises with Dexterity. *Sancergues* fenced, and *St. Felix* danced to Perfection ; and his Air and Grace had already gained him the Hearts of some Ladies ; but his time for Love was not yet come : Love was preparing a Subject far more worthy of him.

Preparations were making for War about this time, and the King often reviewed

viewed the Troops of his Household, while all *Europe* was under Apprehensions, upon whom the impending Storm would fall.

The Baron was too fond of Glory to leave our two young Cavaliers in repose, whilst all the Nobility in *France* prepared themselves, out of a generous Emulation, to gather those Laurels of which the King had already given them an earnest.

He had obtained a Power to raise a Company of Horse for his Son, who joyfully received the Orders sent him by his Father, to repair to *Turenne*, and place himself at the Head of a Company, which was so much the finer as it consisted of chosen Men. The Lieutenancy was given to *St. Felix*, who received this fresh Mark of the Baron's Generosity with the most lively Sentiments of Gratitude and Respect.

Sancergues, upon his Arrival at the Castle of *Raguidelles*, ran to embrace his Father, and *St. Felix* threw himself at his Feet; but the good old Gentleman raised him up, expressing a paternal Tenderness towards him.

The Baron, that he might enjoy the Pleasure of seeing himself in the midst of his Family, had lately withdrawn his Daughter from the Convent, and delighted in the Company of those three, without the least

least Distinction of paternal Affection or Tie of Blood. *Sancergues* had a martial lofty Air, and a compleat Stature to be at the Head of a Company. *St. Felix* was less in Stature, but in lieu of that, had a noble Presence ; he was fair-complexioned, had a beautiful Face, a graceful Deportment, and was the most civil and obliging Person in the World.

Mademoiselle de la Sarte was Mistress of all that is engaging both in Body and Mind ; she was fair, and what added a Lustre to her Complexion, was the Blackness of her Hair. When she glanced her Eyes upon any one, it was impossible to avoid being pierced by them, her Eyes were large and languishing, and such as impressed the strongest and deepest Marks of Love in the very Bottom of the Heart. *Sancergues* soon had a very great Affection for so amiable a Sister ; and she, on her part, thought she could not be too fond of a Brother, who had so many excellent Qualities. He begged of her to look upon *St. Felix* as himself, which she assured him his own and her Father's Esteem for him, engaged her the more readily to do ; and that besides, his Air and Countenance pleaded too much in favour of his Person, not to entertain the same Sentiments of him.

Sancergues

Sancergues was sensibly affected with this favourable Answer; and *St. Felix*, though very witty and polite, remained speechless, keeping his Eyes fixed upon *Mademoiselle de la Sarte*, without the Power of answering her Civility, only by some Signs of Respect. This beautiful Creature's Eyes had transfixed his Soul in such a manner, that he was almost immoveable at the sight of so much Beauty. *Sancergues* perceived his Confusion, without guessing at the real Cause; for having never observed him susceptible of Love, and that Glory and Honour was his chief Delight, he imagined that his Sister's Beauty could have no greater Influence upon him, than that of others to divert his Thoughts from the approaching Campaign, where they both expected to acquire so much Honour and Glory: therefore he retired immediately, and eased *St. Felix* of the Troubles he was in at that time.

This Interview produced different Effects upon these young Hearts, though they proceeded from the same Cause; the young Lady looked upon *St. Felix* as a Person far inferior to her Rank, and when she reflected upon his Extraction, she secretly reprov'd her Inclination for him; for from this Instant she felt something more than an Esteem for his Person.

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On the other Hand *St. Felix*, who despaired of succeeding in his Passion, carefully avoided her Company, that he might not increase a Distemper, for which he had not the least Appearance of a Remedy.

Mademoiselle de la Sarte perceiving he shunned her Conversation, spoke in this manner to herself, What! is it not enough that Love has subjected my Heart to a Peasant, but must I also be despised by him? Well! there is an end of it, I am resolved to conquer a Passion so unreasonable. But she no sooner saw him again, than his excellent Qualities made her forget the Resolution she had taken.

Our two young Officers Equipages were preparing, and the time of their Departure drew near, which was impatiently expected by the two Lovers, each believing they might recover of a Distemper by the Absence of the Cause; but they both were mistaken, their mutual Perfections had made too deep Impressions upon their tender Hearts.

When the time of parting was come, they both felt terrible Conflicts within themselves. *St. Felix*, taking leave of *Mademoiselle de la Sarte*, expressed himself to her in such a manner, as convinced the young Lady, that he had not avoided her Company upon the Motive she had conceived; and she on her part desired him

him not to leave her Brother, and could not forbear shewing some Marks of her love for him.

The young Lieutenant being willing to take the Advantage of Mademoiselle *de la Sarte's* favourable Disposition, he took her Hand and kissed it with Transports of Joy, who was so far from being offended at it, that she desired *St. Felix* not to expose himself too much.

At this Instant the Baron sent word to *Sancergues* and *St. Felix*, that he would speak to them before they departed, and led them into his Closet where he began the following Discourse. *St. Felix*, I make you a present of the Lieutenancy of my Son's Company, which is not the only Favour you may expect from me. I enjoin you both to remember that it is the Duty of an Officer to have a regard for Religion and Things Sacred, a Love for Glory, and to be obedient to the Command of your Superior Officers. I have no Occasion to recommend to you that you love each other with Sincerity.

Having ended his Discourse he embraced them both, and *St. Felix*, directed by his innate Goodness, went to take leave of *Radigues*; and meeting with him at the Door, was not ashamed to embrace the Peasant in sight of Mankind, behaving himself with a filial Duty, notwithstanding

withstanding the Rank given him by the Baron's Generosity.

At length they departed, and arrived at the Place of Rendezvous ; where the King, reviewing the Army, complimented *Sancergues* upon the Goodness of his Company, which was without Dispute the most compleat in the whole Army, except those of his Majesty's Household.

This great Monarch being at the Head of an Army which breathed nothing but Conquest, marched directly towards *Holland*, where he immediately besieged four Cities, which he brought under Subjection ; and pursuing his Conquests, took sixty five Towns in eleven Provinces in one Campaign : a Circumstance so extraordinary, and almost incredible, that Posterity will hardly believe it. The *Empire* and *Spain*, jealous of his Greatness, united with the *Dutch*, and opposed this Torrent with a vast Number of Forces. But as my Design is not to write the remarkable Events of that glorious Reign, I shall only relate such Facts as may serve my present purpose.

Sancergues was wounded in the Thigh by a Musquet Shot at Fort *Sken* ; and though his Wound was not mortal, it obliged him to yield the Command of his Company to *St. Felix*, who had him removed

moved to *Liege*, where by the Assistance of his Surgeons, he was soon in a Condition to enter upon Duty.

As soon as he began to go abroad, he frequented an Assembly of Ladies, where he saw the most beautiful Creature he had ever beheld ; she was fair, and very engaging. He informed himself of her Name and Family, and was told she was called *Mademoiselle Pinelle* ; that her Father was one of the principal Nobility in the Province ; and that she was promised to a *Spaniard* of considerable Rank in the Service. This Answer touched *Sancergues* to the very Soul ; he could not bear to hear that she was promised to another, without falling into a deep Melancholy, looking upon such an Engagement as an Injustice to his Love.

On the other hand, the beautiful *Liegpise*, who had no less Inclination for the *French*, than other Women of that Country, having remarked something that pleased her in the Air of our young Cavalier, enquired who he was ; and was told, he was a *French* Officer of extraordinary Merit and Qualifications : and then weighing his Merit against that of the *Spaniard's*, she gave him the Preference, according to the common Fate in Love as well as War of those two Nations.

The next Day *Sancergues* was informed by the Person who had given him an Account of Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, that she had enquired who he was; and farther added, that she had done it in such a manner, as to be convinced that he was not indifferent to her.

This News rejoiced the Cavalier; but it appeared something so extraordinary to him, that he began to imagine he could not be so happy as to deserve the Esteem of a Creature so beautiful. However, he took the Opportunity from hence of making his Addresses to her.

As she happen'd one Day to pay a Visit where *Sancergues* was present, he address'd himself to her in this manner: Madam, I think myself the most happy Man in the World, that a Person of your Beauty would take the trouble of enquiring who I was; it would be an Advantage to me if you was better informed; but none but myself can communicate a Circumstance to you, which most immediately concerns me; and I beg the Favour of acquainting you with it.

Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, perceiving that this Discourse tended to a Declaration of Love, answered him, that she had received sufficient Information, to give her an Esteem for a Gentleman of his Character; then artfully changing her Discourse,

course, she addressed herself to the Company, and after some general Conversation retired.

Sancergues was not entirely satisfied with this first Conference, thinking he had not made a sufficient Declaration of his Love; but he was deceived in this; and she would perhaps have better understood his Language, had she not been engaged with the *Spaniard*; and would sometimes speak in this manner to herself: It is true that I am promised to *Don Francisco de la Torta*; but this Engagement is not mine, it is that of my Relations: What Right have they over my Heart? and why should not I listen to the Proposals of a Gentleman infinitely more amiable than the Person they design me, without consulting my Inclination? No; I think I should not offend against good Manners, by listening to the Love of a Person, whose Countenance and Actions are an Earnest of his Sincerity.

The next Day in the Afternoon, she went to the same Lady's House, which she knew he frequented to divert himself at Play. *Sancergues* was overjoy'd to see this charming Creature enter, and even believed he saw something in her Eyes which gave him a favourable Opinion; and while the Lady played with another Person, our two Lovers retired at a little distance;

distance : *Sancergues*, willing to employ this happy Moment to his Advantage, said to her, In short, Madam, you are not sufficiently moved, to permit a Declaration, which I cannot conceal, without hazarding my Life. Must I submit to the Rigour of a Fate, in which you can make a happy Change, only by hearing a few Words ?

Sir, said Madam *Pinelle* smiling, if your Happiness depends upon such a Trifle, you have leave to speak. *Sancergues* immediately reply'd, Madam, I love you ; and the Passion I feel has not allowed me time to explain it by my Services ; but I shall so strictly confine myself within the Bounds of Respect to you, that you may be sensible I have no Design to relinquish it.

Mademoiselle *Pinelle* blushed at this Discourse, which made her appear the more beautiful : She was surpriz'd at such a Declaration, and endeavour'd to excuse her Want of Merit, (the common Apology among Ladies) but *Sancergues* interrupting her, said, Madam, I only desire the Permission to love you ; if I am only happy enough to obtain that Favour, nothing in the World can be more valuable to me. Mademoiselle *Pinelle* looking tenderly upon him, said, Sir, to what Purpose will that be, since I am de-

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stin'd for another? My Relations only wait for a Peace between *France* and *Spain*, to deliver me into the Hands of one, whom perhaps I should not hate, if I had not known you.

Sancergues was going to throw himself at her Feet, when he remember'd he should be seen; and therefore satisfy'd himself with kissing her hand: and *Mademoiselle Pinelle* apprehending that the Cavalier's Transports might discover a Passion which it was their Interests to conceal, she drew near those who were at Play, and left him in an Extasy. From this time there was a perfect good Understanding between them; and they took all Opportunities of seeing each other.

Sancergues was not however so entirely taken up with the Love for this beautiful Damsel, as to be insensible of the Progress of the *French Arms* in *Holland*, which was even the Admiration of their Enemies; and he could not bear to hear of the Siege of *Utrecht*, without participating of the Glory. Having taken this Resolution, the first time he saw his dear *Pinelle*, he said to her, Madam, as nothing in the World is more valuable to a Gentleman than his Honour, I should think myself unworthy your Esteem, if I did not endeavour to deserve it by some heroick Action; and therefore design to
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go and place myself at the Head of my Company, which would have reason to disown me for their Captain, if I did not partake of the Dangers to which they expose themselves.

Such noble Sentiments produced an Effect upon Mademoiselle *Pinelle* equal to her extraordinary Capacity : she approv'd his Design, desiring him to be careful of a Life which was so dear to her ; and then they parted, having first sworn to maintain a mutual Love for each other the Remainder of their Lives. Mademoiselle *Pinelle* farther added, that she would use her utmost Endeavours to break off her Marriage with the *Spanish* Officer ; and *Sancergues* promised on his Part, that let what would happen, he would never make his Addresses to another.

When he arrived in the Army, his Company rejoiced at his Return ; and *St. Felix* embracing him, deliver'd two Letters to him, one from his Father, and another from his Sister ; and as he conceal'd nothing from him, he began to read that from his Father, which was in the following Terms :

S O N,

SON,

THE Report of our great Monarch's Conquests affords me so much the greater Joy, that I am still capable of satisfying his Majesty for the Trouble he takes of securing us from the Insults of our Enemies by my own Blood, while you are upon Action. What a Happiness is it for you, to follow the Steps of so great a Hero? and with what pleasure shall I see you return after so glorious a Campaign? Salute St. Felix from me, and assure him of the continuance of my Friendship. Fear God, serve the King faithfully, and remember you are born a Gentleman. From, dear Son,

Your most Affectionate Father

The Baron de la Sarte.

When he had read this Letter, St. Felix turning himself to Sancergues, said to him, how happy are you to have such a Father! and how unhappy should I be without such a Friend? When Sancergues had opened the other Letter, he read the following Lines:

Dear Brother,

THE continual Fears I am in at the News that you daily expose your self with uncommon Intrepidity and Resolution, oblige me to write this to beg of you not to throw away a
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Life,

Life, which is so dear to me. If you knew the Trouble of my Soul, you would take more care of it, and I should be much obliged to St. Felix, if he would take the same care of it, as if it was his own; that I may have the pleasure of seeing you in perfect Health.

When he had done reading, *Sancergues* said to *St. Felix*, you see, my dear, what Tendernefs they have for us; but that we may deserve their Esteem; let us act contrary to what they desire, that if Fortune should favour our Courage, we may return them thanks for their concern with the more Honour. When he had said this, he hastened to the Camp, whither *St. Felix* followed him, applying this last Letter to the words of *Mademoiselle de la Sarte*, when he was taking his leave of her.

Any one but himself might reasonably have made this Application; but he was so far from flattering himself with the Hopes of such Fortune, when he considered his pretended Extraction, that he said to himself; It is true, in my present Condition, I might impose upon any other than this beautiful Creature; but as my Promotion is entirely owing to her Father's Kindness, it is impossible I should ever flatter my self with being so happy: and had no sooner made these Reflexions but they arrived at their Quarters.

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While *Sancergues* was universally admired for his Conduct and Courage, *Mademoiselle Pinelle* found her Love daily increasing by her Fears of the Dangers to which her Lover was exposed. So true it is, that Love is frequently cherished in a Breast that is disturbed, and often buried in a Heart that is easy. After a Month's absence, she sent an Express to the Army to enquire of his Health, by whom she conveyed a Letter to this Effect :

I was upon the Point of submitting to Matrimony, without knowing the Power of Love ; but since I have seen you, that Submission shall never be made unless you are concerned. If Don Francisco de la Torta had been of the French Nation, and possessed of the same agreeable Air as yourself, nothing should have diverted me from the Obedience I owe to my Parents ; but as that Spaniard is become the Object of my Aversion, since you are become that of my Wishes ; I would suffer Death a thousand Times, were it possible, rather than ever join Hands with him. Though the News from the Army generally disturbs me, I endeavour always to know it. Alas ! when will you cease to alarm me, and when shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again ?

The Person charged with this Letter, took the Opportunity of going with a Convoy designed for the Army; but the Governor of *Maestricht* having Advice of their Rout, detached a Party from the Garrison, who lay in Ambuscade, to intercept them. Our Messenger at the first firing of a Pistol surrendred himself to the Enemy, begging Quarter, not thinking his Charge of consequence sufficient to Hazard his Life for it. The Escort belonging to the Convoy acted otherwise, and made so vigorous a Defence, that this Coward was the only Advantage the Enemy gain'd, who suffered in all other Respects, since they left above fifty behind them upon the Spot, and the Convoy passed notwithstanding.

They carried the Prisoner before the Governor of *Maestricht*, who delivered the Letter he was charged with into his Hands; when he had read it, and being particularly acquainted with *Don Francisco de la Torta*, who commanded in *Louvain*, he sent it to him by a Trumpeter. *Don Francisco* had no sooner read it, but he wrote the following to *Mademoiselle Pihelle's* Father;

Don

Don Francisco de la Torta's Letter to Mademoiselle Pinelle's Father.

S I R,

I am infinitely obliged to you for the Honour done me in granting me your Daughter; and though my Fortune has changed, my Heart has never altered till this Day; I have on the contrary always preserved a sincere Acknowledgement of your Favour, by offering to conclude a Marriage which I earnestly desired; but since the young Lady has given her Heart and Promise to a French Officer, permit me to make my Addresses to another; who perhaps may not despise me; unless by your Authority as a Father, you confine her in some Place, where you may answer for her to me, till the Conclusion of a Peace, &c.

Mademoiselle Pinelle's Father, being ignorant of her Love for *Sancergues*, was sorry to be informed of it by his Rival; and had he been sooner acquainted with it, knowing the Antipathy between the two Nations, and being ignorant of the French Officer's Fortune and Merit, he would have concealed it from him. On the other hand, he looked upon her Marriage with the Spaniard as very advantageous for his Daughter; and therefore resolved to confine her in a Convent to satisfy the latter. To this end, he pretended

to take a Journey to *Mons*, where he had a Sister who was a Nun, under pretence of paying her a Visit. This Aunt, who was in the Conspiracy, told her, it was by a particular Favour that she was permitted to come into the House, to have the pleasure of embracing her; but she was no sooner entered, than she led her to the Grate, where her Father waited to speak to her as follows:

My dear Child, you are now in a Holy Place, which is a sure Asylum against the Troubles of this World; you must absolutely resolve to remain here the rest of your Life, or gain your Liberty by giving your Heart and Hand to *Don Francisco*.

Mademoiselle Pinelle, astonished at this Discourse, cried bitterly when the Sentence was pronounced, and with her Eyes drowned in Tears, made him the following Reply; Sir, I know the Right you have over my Person, and that my principal Duty to you is Obedience; but God who is the Master of Hearts, has not permitted me to chuse according to your Will. It is true, I love a *French Officer*; and my Liberty, which you deprive me of, is the least Sacrifice I would make to him. If I shed Tears, it is because I am deprived of the Honour of your Company, being sensible that this Action is only the Effect of your Tender-
ness

ness for me, thinking to make me happy hereby; but I should be infinitely more happy with the Person you deprive me of, than with the other in the highest Station. All she could say was to no Purpose, neither her Tears nor Reasons were able to prevail. Her good Father was too far prepossessed in favour of the *Spaniard's* Merit and Fortune to alter his Resolution, and departed, leaving her in the greatest concern for want of News from her Lover; for she was ignorant of the Fate of her Letter. And besides, she apprehended that her Father, at his Departure, had given Orders not to allow her to write to any Person.

The Campaign was so far advanced at this time, that the Army began to think of marching into Winter Quarters, which *Sancergues* impatiently expected, that he might have the Pleasure of seeing *Mademoiselle Pinelle*; and as soon as they were ordered to decamp, he hastened to *Liege*, and went directly to the Lady's House where he had first seen his Mistress, to enquire of her Health, who informed him that her Father had sent her to *Louvain*, where she was married to the Governor of that Place; which Report was industriously spread by himself, that he might by this means extinguish all manner of Hopes in the Person who had an inclination to
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marry her. *Sancergues* was so astonished at this false Report, that he remained without Motion, and fell into so deep a Melancholy from this time, that his Health was very much impaired. *St. Felix* remembering that *Mademoiselle de la Sarte* had expressly recommended her Brother to his Care, never left him alone, and omitted nothing for the Recovery of his Health; leaving the Company under the Command of a Sub-Lieutenant, a Man of Experience, whom the Baron had sent with them on Purpose to assist them with his Advice. *Sancergues's* Physicians, who were bribed by *Mademoiselle Pinelle's* Father, ordered him to leave that Country and breathe his Native Air, though his Life was in Danger by the Fatigue of the Journey. He set out pursuant to their Advice, and *St. Felix*, that he might have nothing to reproach himself of, went with him: But the farther this poor Gentleman travelled from the Place where he had fixed his Inclinations, the more his Distemper increased. *St. Felix* wrote to the Baron to send his Coach upon the Road, which luckily met them at *Orleans*, the Sick Person being no longer able to endure the Fatigue on Horseback.

The Baron's Joy at the Return of our two Cavaliers was much diminished by the deplorable Condition of his Son; and
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Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*, who really loved her Brother, was so concerned, that her Grief in a great measure concealed the Pleasure she had of seeing *St. Felix* in perfect Health.

The Benefit of the Air and the Care taken of *Sancergues*, but more especially the Assurance given him by an Officer that the Governor of *Louvain* was unmarried, entirely recovered him, in Hopes that he might see his Mistress the following Campaign ; but as he gradually gained Strength, *St. Felix*, who was slowly devoured by Love Despair, led a languishing Life, which would have soon ended his Days by his Reflexions upon his pretended Extraction, and the present Situation of his Love, when *Sancergues*, one Day observing him overwhelmed with Sorrow and Anguish, said to him ; I flattered my self till this time, upon the Appearances of your Friendship, that it was as sincere as my own ; but the Grief you are in gives me Reason to think that you have not the same Confidence in me as I have in you. Can I reproach my self, *St. Felix*, of acting at any time contrary to the sincere Affection I ought to have for a true Friend ? And if I conceal nothing from you, why should your silence prevent me from applying a Remedy to your Grief ? I therefore conjure you, my

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dearest

dearest and most intimate Friend, to reveal the Reason of this profound Sorrow to me.

Excuse me, Sir, says *St. Felix* faintly, from discovering a Disease, for which there is no Appearance of a Remedy. If the Distemper which devours me was not incurable, I should have implored your Assistance long ago; but such is the Nature of it, that instead of expecting your Kindness, of which I have received so many Instances, I say if I had been so indiscreet as to disclose it to you, I should only have gain'd your Hatred; and therefore chose rather to die than displease you.

No, my dear, says *Sancergues*, embracing him eagerly, you cannot displease me; I wish it may be something that pleases your self, and that I may be able to serve you in it, you may depend upon my utmost Endeavours; therefore tell me freely the Cause of your Melancholy. Then *St. Felix* fetching a deep Sigh, said I am in Love, Sir; my Heart, which I have so carefully defended from the Attacks of that Passion, is at length surprized, and become the Captive of an Object so far superior to my Rank, that I have no Hopes of obtaining it. That lovely Person then, says *Sancergues* is extraordinary deserving; pray tell me the Name of this charming Creature. *St. Felix* hesitating in his Speech, said to him,
Dare

Dare I be so rash as to tell you that the young Lady is your Sister?

My Sister! says *Sancergues*, falling back in his Chair, where he remained for some time without speaking. Well, says *St. Felix*, did I not tell you, that such a Discovery would make me lose your Esteem, and that your Friendship would be changed into Hatred at my Assurance? You are mistaken, says *Sancergues*; I am so far from despising you, that I think my Sister is very happy to engage a Heart like yours; and I sincerely wish she had the same Opinion of you as my self, and my Father as sensible of your Merit. Nevertheless I will convince you by my Assiduity in this Affair, that I am as willing to be allied to you in Blood, as in Heart and Affection. *St. Felix* was so affected at this Generosity, that he expressed himself in the most passionate Terms which Gratitude could suggest upon the Occasion; and this glimmering Hope affording some Ease to his Mind, he became more active and lively.

Sancergues being in his Sister's Chamber, artfully made *St. Felix* the Subject of their Conversation, with a design to speak all that he could in his Praise, to ingratiate him in her favour; but lest her Heart or Eyes should betray her, she answered him with abundance of Caution. Her Brother,

finding she was so reserved thought he had said enough, and left the beginning of a Work to Love, which he promised to finish himself. To this end he proposed to take a walk with her, in Company with his Father and *St. Felix*; but the Baron who delighted in *St. Felix*'s Conversation, immediately joined him, which troubled *Sancergues*; having formed this Party, only with the design of bringing his Sister and *St. Felix* together. They were in close Conference, and as she did not walk the same Pace, was always at some distance from them, which deprived *Sancergues* of the Opportunity of relieving *St. Felix*; but when he perceived the Baron at the end of a Walk, and just turning into another, he crossed the Walk, and meeting them, accosted his Father under a pretence of speaking to him concerning some Affair of the Family; upon which the Baron took his leave of *St. Felix*, and gave him the Opportunity of handing *Mademoiselle de la Sarte*.

Their Conversation was general at first; and then she fell upon her Brother's Dis-temper, and at length upon the Cause of it. *St. Felix* expatiated upon the Power of Love, and the Disorders that Passion might Occasion when unsupported by Reason, and upon the Pleasure felt by two young Hearts when they mutually Love each other. Ma-

Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* asked him whether he had never loved? He turned pale at this Question, which convinced her that what she apprehended was true, and was afraid of a Rival: She had rather have seen him unconcern'd at the Question, than to know he loved another; but his Countenance had discovered too much to require any farther Information. Then she insisted upon knowing the Truth; and *St. Felix*, to satisfy her Curiosity, said to her, Madam, for this Year past, I privately adore a beautiful young Lady, whose Rank and Merit keep me both in Awe and Admiration; but my greatest Grief is, her being so infinitely my superior in all Respects, that I dare not discover the least Spark of my Love. Sure then, said she, this charming Creature must be ignorant of your Merit, or of very extraordinary Distinction indeed; nevertheless, a Love so sincere as yours ought to be esteemed, and those who are beloved in such a manner ought to think themselves happy. For my own Part, should I ever be sensible of that Passion, it would be my Delight to be superior to the Person I loved; and to satisfy the Desire I should have of pleasing him, I would be Mistress of great Beauty to charm him; I would have abundance of Wit to entertain him; Softness to captive him; and a Rank

Rank in the World to satisfy his Ambition. These are generous Sentiments indeed Madam, says *St. Felix*; and I am unfortunate enough to be under the Necessity of wishing less to the Person I admire; not but I Esteem those good Qualities as well as your self, and would be glad to possess them, that I might sacrifice them at the Feet of her I adore; but as I have them not, I wish the Person I love was of a less illustrious Race, that I might have the more easy Access to her. I have heard, said she, that a Treasure gain'd with little trouble, is not so valuable as that which requires more. It is true, Madam, said he; but when the Price is so great, that there is no Hopes of attaining it, we are under the Necessity of wishing it could be reduced lower, or that we could be raised to it. This amorous Conversation would have lasted longer, if they had not perceived *Sancergues* coming, whose Father left him to write some Dispatches in haste.

He immediately asked them the Subject of their Conversation; and Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* replied it was Love. The Subject is copious, says *Sancergues*, and neither of you two could want Matter. His Sister taking the hint, faithfully related to him the whole Discourse. It is very easy, says her Brother, to reconcile
your

your Inclinations ; you say, Sister, that you should wish to make the Fortune of the Person you love ; love *St. Felix*, I know nobody who better deserves it, or has more Gratitude. She immediately replied, Brother, *St. Felix's* Heart is already engaged, I can have no Pretensions to him, and the Object he is charmed with is so very deserving, that it is impossible to supplant him. But, Sister, says *Sancergues*, do you know who that Object is ? No says she ; it is your self, said he immediately : he entrusted me with the Secret, and I have undertaken to reveal it to you myself.

It is true Madam, says *St. Felix* ; but I should have remained in perpetual Silence, rather than have forfeited the Respect I owe you, if your Brother had not extorted the Confession of a Secret from me, with which I had resolved to do die. Well ! Sister, says *Sancergues*, what answer will you make to such noble Sentiments, if I should join with him to request that you would not reject his Addresses ? would you refuse me ? She answered, Its true, that the Intreaties of a Brother so prudent as mine, may in some measure prevail ; but as we both depend upon a Father to whom we owe Obedience, I cannot engage myself without his Consent. I will undertake that, says *Sancergues*, do you only love
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St. Felix, and I will perform the rest. While they reasoned thus, they went into the Castle; and when *St. Felix* was alone with *Sancergues*, he thanked him in such a manner as convinced him, that he had done him the greatest Service in the World.

The first time these three met together, they consulted the most proper Method to induce the Baron to favour their Design; and agreed to let the Campaign pass before they opened the Affair to him; but that *St. Felix* and Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* should live together like two Lovers, who only waited his Consent to be eternally united.

Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* observed her Love for *St. Felix* to increase daily, in whom she continually discovered some new Perfections; and he on his Part was ravished with the Behaviour of so amiable a Mistress; but as what concerned his Friend, was of equal concern to himself, he earnestly wished *Sancergues* as successful in his Amours as he had been; and comforted him as well as he could, in hopes of finding his Mistress in *Flanders*.

The time of their departure being come, our two Lovers bid each other a very tender adieu, and set out as soon as they had taken leave of the Baron and their Friends. They no sooner arrived in the *Netherlands*,
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but *Sancergues* used his utmost Endeavours to be informed of his Mistress, but without Success. As he believed her still to be at *Louvain*, he took a most unaccountable Resolution, which was to be taken Prisoner by a Party of the Garison belonging to that Place. To this end, he frequently desired to go out upon Parties, where he exposed himself in such a manner, that it was not long before he was taken Prisoner. But of what Service was this to him? He was confined in a Citadel, where he did not so much as hear his Mistress mentioned; and as he often complained to himself of his unhappy Fate, one of the Centinels appointed to guard him, told the Commandant, there was a *French* Officer Prisoner, who made amorous Lamentations, in which he himself must be concerned, since he often repeated his Name. The Commandant sent for him, and *Sancergues* knowing he was his Rival and Enemy, had no hopes of Mercy. He walked to him like a Criminal before a Judge; and the *Spaniard* immediately asking him who he was, he answered that he was a *French* Gentleman, and Captain of a Company of Horse; then he asked his Name: And he answered, *Sancergues*; *Sancergues!* replied the other; Are you that Officer, for whom Mademoiselle *Pinelle* made her escape from a Convent,

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where

where her Father had confined her? If you are the Person, pray inform me what is become of her. *Sancergues* was at a Loss for a ready Answer, knowing it was in his Rival's Power to carry his Revenge as far as he pleased; but his earnest Desire of being farther satisfied concerning his dear *Pinelle*, prevented his dissembling; and being resolved to hazard the Event, he told him he was ignorant of that beautiful Creature's Destiny; and should not have been taken Prisoner, had he not believed she was in the City: that he had suffered himself to be taken, only for the sake of enquiring after her; and that he expected no Mercy after such a Declaration to his Rival. No Sir, said the *Spaniard*, embracing him, you injure my Generosity; as your Imprisonment proceeds from so noble a Cause, I grant you your Liberty this Instant, upon Condition that you promise to inform me of that ungrateful Creature, whom I love as my Life, while she has only despised me. Go, and in what Part soever of the World you find her, oblige me with the News of it.

This unexpected Act of Generosity from a discarded Rival, gave *Sancergues* a very great Esteem for him. He offered several times to pay for his Ransom, but it was refused; the generous *Spaniard* would receive nothing, and ordered him to be safely

safely conducted back by a Trumpeter: When he arrived in the Camp, he was surprized to hear that St. *Felix* was no sooner informed of his being made Prisoner, but he contrived a Stratagem to release him. To this end, he joined himself to those *Germans*, who were to be exchanged for the *French*, that he might offer himself as an Hostage for his Friend.

On the other hand, Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, who had not heard her Lover mentioned since her Confinement, bribed one of the Gardeners of the Convent, who assisted her in making her Escape over the Garden Wall. She was dressed in a Man's Habit to prevent being discovered; and in this Disguise took the Road to *Paris*, where being arrived, she went to a Lady of her Acquaintance, whom she had formerly seen at *Liege*; and whose only Business in that City, was to seek for an Officer, to whom she had granted a Promise of Marriage contrary to the Inclination of her Parents.

The Conformity of this Lady's Condition with that of Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, so far moved her Compassion, that she not only assisted her with Advice, but Money; cloathing her in a Woman's Habit, that she might not offend against the Rules of Decency; and as she had succeeded in her own Designs by Perseverance, she advised

Mademoiselle *Pinelle* to find out her Lover and go to him ; and being informed that he was a Gentleman at *Turenne*, she desired a Lady from *Britany* of her Acquaintance, who was going to *Nantes*, to take care of her as far as *Tours*, who faithfully promised she would. This Lady had a Son with her about twenty Years old, who was one of those young raking Students they call *Abbé's*. This young Spark had no sooner fixed his Eyes upon Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, but he shewed her all manner of Civility, thinking by this means to insinuate himself into her Heart ; but it was too much prepossessed with the Love of *Sancergues* to listen to another. The *Abbé* pursued his Addresses notwithstanding, which daily increased till they became importunate. They were now upon the River *Loire*, in a Vessel called a *Cabane*, in which were above twenty Passengers ; but every one taking the Party of Conversation, which pleased him most, the Company divided ; and while they were in Discourse, Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, who had retired from the Company, began to reflect upon her unhappy Fate, and the young *Abbé's* Importunities. She shed Tears upon this Reflexion ; which being perceived by a Curate in the *Cabane*, he approached her, and said, Madam, if I dare take the Liberty to ask the Cause
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of those Tears, I would offer my Service to their Relief. Sir, said she, I am indebted to you for your Charity; and place such Confidence in a Person of your Character, that I shall freely open my self to you upon the Subject of my Sorrow. Know then, Sir, to my shame, that I am a Vagabond, forced from her Parents by a blind Love, and dare not return to them for fear of Confinement the remainder of my Life; at this time I know not what Method to take, nor whom to entrust in that nice Conduct my tender Age requires. I had committed my self to the Care of a Lady, whose Prudence I have no Reason to blame; but she has a Son, who persecutes me in such a manner, that it requires an uncommon Virtue to resist him. Till this time his pursuit has not in the least prevailed; but I begin to be weary of his Persecutions. My dear Sir, if you could procure me an honourable Asylum, till I wrote to my Parents, and concluded an Accommodation with them, upon Terms less severe than a perpetual Confinement, I shall always acknowledge my self under the greatest Obligations.

My dear Child, replied the Curate, I have offered you my Service, and should be unjust to refuse it, after I have given my Word; but more unjust, not to shelter you from the Danger to which you are
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continually exposed by your Beauty. I have only this enquiry to make, whether the Person you love designs to marry you. As to that, Sir, do not in the least scruple my Conduct; I have lived till this time in such a manner, as not to have the least Reason to reproach my self with Respect to my Honour; my only Crime is Disobedience to my Parents, who would have obliged me to marry a Person contrary to my Inclination. The truth of what you say, Madam, seems to appear in your Countenance; and I am so far persuaded of your Virtue, that I adopt you this Moment for my Relation. I have a Sister at *Tours*, who will come to meet me at the Place where we land; and I shall give her such Instructions as will deliver you from the other Lady, and the Importunities of her Son. Declare before hand that you are going to an Aunt at *Tours*, that my Sister's Actions may appear the more probable. The Curate's Sister did not fail to meet him, and he told her in few Words what they had projected. This Lady came to the Cabane, and enquired for a young *Flemish* Gentlewoman whose Name was *Pinelle*; she immediately rose up to meet her, and saluting her said, Madam, it is my self; then the Curate's Sister embracing her, said, Dear Niece good Morrow to you, I hope you are well? She answered

answered her Compliments in such a manner, that the Lady from *Britany* did not question their being related. Mademoiselle *Pinelle* highly acknowledged the Obligations she was under to this Lady ; upon which the Aunt returned her a thousand thanks for the Care she had taken of her Niece ; and then led her away, to the regret of Mr. *L'Abbé*, who expected to have carried her into *Britany*, and laid aside the Band to have married her.

The Curate's Sister was so charmed with the beautiful *Flamande*, that she intreated her Brother to leave her at her own House ; but he would not consent to place her at that distance from him, that he might be answerable for her Conduct. I must inform you, that this good Priest was Curate of *Raguidelles*, who had been entrusted with the Education of *Sancergues* in his Youth ; and where should he lead this young Lady, but to the Baron's Castle ; telling that generous Nobleman, as Decency did not permit him to entertain a beautiful young Lady at his own House, who was his Relation, he begged the favour of him that he would suffer her to be with Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* for some time. The Baron answered, that he would not have him think himself under any Obligation in that Respect ; on the contrary, that he accepted with Pleasure the Honour

Honour done him by procuring so agreeable a Companion for his Daughter ; and immediately calling Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*, and presenting the beautiful *Liegeoise* to her, said, Here Daughter, thank Mr. *Le Cure* for the present he makes you ; this is his Niece, with whom he is willing to entrust us for some time. Then these two lovely Damsels saluted, and afterwards became extremely fond of each other. Mademoiselle *Pinelle* observed something in Mademoiselle *de le Sarte's* Face, which animated her Affection ; and the other perceived an Air and Countenance in her which was very engaging. They contracted so strict a Friendship for each other, that they were inseparable : never was Complaisance carried to a greater height, and all secrets being banished between them, Mademoiselle *Pinelle* began first to relate her Adventures.

I was born, says she, in the City *Liege*, the Capital of one of the Provinces in the *Netherlands* ; my Father is a Person of Distinction in that small Province, and enjoys a considerable Estate in it. He had designed me for a *Spanish* Gentleman, who at that time had nothing but the Belt and Sword ; but has since so far advanced himself, that I might have satisfied my Ambition by joining my Fortune to his. I was entirely directed by the Will of my Parents

Parents, my Heart not being in the least interrested in the Affair; and our Marriage was near a Conclusion, when the Emperor and the King of *Spain* entered into a League to assist the *Dutch* against *France*, which obliged my Lover to suspend it; and go into the Army. I was under no concern at his Absence, and had not heard from him a long time; our City maintaining no Commerce with the *Spaniards*, for fear of the *French*. While I was thus peaceably passing my time, a *French* Captain of Horse, who was wounded at *Fort Sken*, came to *Liege* to be cured of his Wounds. This Gentleman's Air appeared to me so engaging, that my Heart became sensible at the first sight: I loved him sincerely, and he protested the same to me. But how inconstant are Men! I am willing to believe I was beloved by him while I enjoyed his Company; but his Protestations were soon forgot in his Absence. I have not heard from him since. My Father, by what Accident I know not, having heard of my Love for this Gentleman, and perceiving my Aversion to the *Spaniard*, to increase daily, confined me in a Convent; from whence I made my Escape six Months after, and went to *France* in search of my perfidious Lover, resolving to die at his Feet if he has altered his Resolution.

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But, says Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*, by what Accident came you hither? As he told me, continued she, that he was of the Province of *Touraine*, I travelled to *Tours*; from whence the Curate, who happened to be in the same Boat, conducted me hither, till I receive News from my Family, and Money to go and search every Place in this Province, for the perfidious *Sancergues*. Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* grew pale when she uttered that Name; and *Pinelle* observing it, took the Hint, and said, What's the Reason of this? methinks you are very much affected at the Name of *Sancergues*. You are not deceived, says she; I have too great an Esteem for the Person who bears that Name, not to be moved when I hear it pronounced. This Answer made the other pale in her turn; my God! says she, is it possible that I should have left my native Country, and cross the whole Kingdom of *France*, to be a Witness of my own Shame and your Triumph? Pardon me, Madam, if my Heart agrees so little with my Reason with Respect to your Beauty; and by the Pleasure you enjoy in being beloved by so fine a Gentleman, judge of the Pain I must endure by his Inconstancy.

Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* being convinced of her mistake, would not leave her

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any longer in Suspence ; but tenderly embracing her, said, *Sancergues* loves me, it is true, and I love him ; but the Love we bear to each other ought not to give you the least trouble, since we are obliged to it by Consanguinity and Nature. Is *Sancergues* your Brother then ? said she, embracing her closely ; yes, says *Mademoiselle de la Sarte* ; and I can assure you that he is as much in Pain for you, as you are for him ; and then discovered to her all she knew of her Brother's Sentiments with Respect to his Love, making her a Confidant in her own for *St. Felix* : and from that time, these two Cavaliers were the endearing Subject of these two Ladies Conversation.

Let us return to *Flanders*, where *Sancergues* was under the greatest Concern for *St. Felix*, who, as I told you before, had offered himself as an Hostage to deliver him from Imprisonment ; he was arrested for a Spy, and having neither Orders nor Pass port, was tried by a Council of War ; and condemned to be hang'd. He desired to speak with the Commandant ; and in his own Justification said, Sir, you ought to be tender of the Laws of Reprisal, since so far from being a Spy, I came hither only as an Hostage for a Captain of Horse, whose Lieutenant I am. The Commandant asked him whether it was not *Sancergues*.

gues. St. Felix, astonished that he was acquainted with his Name, alter'd the Resolution he had taken, rather to suffer Death than expose him to the Person he thought his greatest Enemy; and answered, there is no Room left for Diffimulation: since you have discovered him, tell me I intreat you what is become of him; and if it is in your Power, save his Life, and do what you please with my own.

Don Francisco, surpris'd at his Resolution, re-assembled the Council, before whom he interrogated the Prisoner; who declared, without the least Disguise, the Reasons which induced him to expose himself to those Dangers. The Commandant confirmed his Reasons from what he had known before; and the Council admiring *St. Felix's* Generosity, acquitted him, and sent him back. I leave you to conceive *Sancergues's* Joy when he saw him; and the thanks he returned him, when he was informed of the Dangers to which he had exposed himself upon his Account.

The Army was at this time within sight of *Brussels*, which had occasioned a general Consternation in that City; and the Governor thinking the King would begin the Campaign by the Siege of that Capital, ordered the Troops back that he had sent to *Maestricht*: of which his Majesty receiving Advice, sent Orders to the Garri-
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sons of *Tongres* and *Mazeie* to invest the last Place, and then marched on that side at the Head of his Army to besiege it; and though it was one of the strongest Places in *Europe*, he kept the Trenches open but thirteen Days.

During this time, our two Officers having nothing to do but to support the Infantry in case of an Attack, envied the Honour of the King's Musketeers, who reaped all the Glory at that memorable Siege. During this time, I say *Sancergues* had sent to *Liege* to enquire after his dear *Pinelle*; but all was in vain, her own Parents were under as great a concern as himself. After the Reduction of *Maastricht*, the King marched towards the *Rhine*, where his Presence was necessary, to keep *Alsace* in Subjection, which obliged the City of *Strasbourg* to observe an exact Neutrality.

The Campaign being ended early, the Troops were sent into Winter Quarters; and *Sancergues's* Company being quarter'd at *Vendome*, our two Officers were rejoiced on Account of the Nearness of that City to *Raguidelles*; and as soon as they had fixed their Garison, they departed to return home. How happy are you, says *Sancergues* to *St. Felix*, who are sure of meeting with the Object of your Love? perhaps I shall never see that which I adore: but thou perfidious Creature, could I only know

know where you hide your self, ungrateful as you are, I would bring you a Heart pierced with Grief at your Cruelty; and was I unhappy enough to hear that you had changed your Resolution, would pierce it in your Presence, to avoid the Misery of surviving your Inconstancy. During these melancholy Reflections, he seemed to fear his Arrival at home, and would rather have retired into *Flanders*; but *St. Felix* was in a different Condition, the Journey appearing tedious to him, who was impatient to see his beautiful Mistress. At length they came near *Raguidelles*, when *St. Felix* perceived two Ladies Arm in Arm, in the great Walk which leads to the Castle. He desired *Sancergues* to observe them, who immediately knew his Sister, but was in Pain to know the other Lady that seemed so admirably well shaped; when drawing nearer, to his great Surprise, he discovered her to be his charming *Pinelle*. He leaped from his Horse, and went to throw himself at her Feet; *St. Felix* advanced likewise, and saluted *Mademoiselle de la Sarte*, who received him in so agreeable a manner, that he was more charmed than ever at this favourable Reception. *Sancergues* was impatient to be informed of many particulars; but *St. Felix* prudently told him, that the Baron would be uneasy, having seen their Equipage arrive; and

and Mademoiselle *de la Sarthe* added besides, that the Respect due to him required that they should make all possible haste to see him.

They all four went into the Baron's Apartment; and the good Lord pleased with the Marks of Satisfaction in his Son's Countenance, expressed all Joy imaginable at their return in good Health. He asked his Son, pointing to Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, whether he had met with a more beautiful Creature in his Travels than the Curate's Niece. At these Words *Sancer-gues* looked upon his Sister, who casting her Eyes upon the Ground made him a Sign that there was some Mystery in it; then recovering himself, he said, Sir, I must confess I never beheld any thing more compleat; though I have seen many beautiful Ladies, something was always wanting to make them perfect; but in this charming Creature all those Beauties are united, which I have observ'd in others: and one would imagine that Nature had made her out of Vanity, to show a Master-piece worthy to be admired.

Mademoiselle *Pinelle* made no reply to these Encomiums, but by a low Courtesy, which proved the Gracefulness of her Person not inferior to her Beauty. At length the Baron made Signs to his Daughter to withdraw with her Companion, being willing

willing to hear some particular Account of the Campaign from our two Cavaliers, and when they had satisfied him, he ordered them to go and repose themselves.

Sancergues, who impatiently desired to be gone from his Father's Presence, that he might disclose his Mind, was no sooner at Liberty, but he said to *St. Felix*, ah! my dearest and most intimate Friend, what terrible Conflicts have I within me? Did you hear what my Father said? And do you remember the Curate told us he had a Nephew in the Service? Is it possible that Mademoiselle *Pinelle* should be married to his Nephew? *St. Felix* answered him, indeed Sir, you take Abundance of Pains to torment your self; why will you not wait till you are certain of a Fact, in which you may be soon satisfied? Let us go this Moment into your Sister's Apartment, where we shall find them together; and then you may satisfy your self in an Affair which gives you so great a Concern. Come, says *Sancergues*, let us go and receive Life or Death. They went immediately into Mademoiselle *de la Sarte's* Apartment, who, notwithstanding her Prudence, expected *St. Felix* with the same Impatience as *Pinelle* expected *Sancergues*. The Trouble she perceived in his Countenance at first sight discomposed her; and as they were all four desirous of a little private

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vate Discourse, they soon separated. Then Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, without giving *Sancergues* time to speak, said to him, What is the Matter with you, Sir? Is my Presence here disagreeable to you? Have I left my own Country, and travelled through the whole Kingdom of *France*, to meet with so cold a Reception?

Ah Mademoiselle, said he, embracing her, your Complaint is just; but had I loved you less, I should not have appeared to you in this manner: tell me sincerely whether you are married, and how long you have been the Curate's Niece. Mademoiselle *Pinelle* perceiving this Coldness to proceed from the Violence of his Passion for her, smiled at the Expression; and lest his Opinion of her Marriage should give him too much Concern, she told him by what Accident she became the Curate's Relation, and recited her other Adventures.

Sancergues on the other hand gave her an Account of *Don Francisco's* Generosity, and of what *St. Felix* had done in his Behalf. He told her moreover, that he had not left the *Netherlands* without enquiring after her Family, which was in perfect Health, and particularly her Father. This last Circumstance drew a few Tears from her Eyes, which Nature seemed to require. I shall omit the rest of their Conversation,

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and that of the two other Lovers, which was so tender and so frequent, that it would require a whole Volume to describe it. *Sancergues* remembring that he had promised to the Governor of *Louvain* to inform him of his Mistress, that he might not forfeit his Word, wrote the following Lines:

Sancergues's Letter to Don Francisco de la Torta, Governor of Louvain.

SIR,

I should be guilty of the highest Ingratitude, after such strong Proofs of your Generosity, if I neglected to inform you that I have had the good Fortune to find *Mademoiselle Pinelle*. To acquit myself of my Promise, I must acquaint you, that this beautiful Creature is at present in France, at the House of a Person of Honour and Distinction, where she is highly esteemed; but the fear they are in of losing her Company is the Reason that I have not mentioned the Place of her Retreat. Besides, she is so well pleased with the Family, that she has no Inclination to return to the Netherlands. When you write to her Relations, you may satisfy them that she is in good Health. For my own Part, Sir, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge your Generosity towards me, and should an Opportunity offer of making a suitable Return, nothing shall be wanting to convince you how much I am, &c.

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When he had finished this Letter, he read it to Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, who had an Inclination to write to her Father at the same time; but her Apprehension of being forced away to marry *Don Francisco*, if he discovered the Place of her Retreat, obliged her to be silent, till a more favourable Conjunction offered.

The Baron was extremely pleased to see the young People so well satisfied; and to express his Joy gave a publick Entertainment to the Gentlemen in his Neighbourhood. Among those he had invited, there was a Gentleman named *Daunay*, whose Behaviour did not in the least agree with his Appearance; he was brutish and proud, and in short had no other Merit than his Riches. This Gentleman was in Love with Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*, which was what she apprehended: he was so charmed with the Gracefulness of her Person on the Day of the Entertainment, that he resolved not to defer asking her in Marriage, charging an old Gentleman with this Commission, an intimate Acquaintance of the Baron's, who executed it the next Morning, and was favourably received; the Baron saying at the same time, that Mr. *Daunay* had done him a very great Honour; that he always had an Esteem for him, and was perfectly acquainted with the Dignity of his Family;

but begged the favour of a Week's time to give him an absolute Answer ; and in the interim look'd upon this Propofal fo very advantageous to his Daughter, that he ſhould take it as an Honour if he would viſit her as often as he pleaſed ; adding, that two young Hearts were reconciled by Cuſtom, and made the Concluſion in ſuch Affairs much more agreeable on both Sides.

When the Company was retired, the Baron took his Son in private to ſpeak to him of that Affair. *Sancergues* ſeemed to be ſurprized at firſt ; and then thinking it improper to exaſperate it, he remonſtrated to his Father, that this Gentleman was of a Diſpoſition entirely diſagreeable to his Siſter ; but added, Sir, if you deſign to make her happy, I have another Perſon to propoſe, for whoſe Merit I am reſponſable: It is true ſaid he, his Fortune is not ſo large as *Monſieur Daunay's* ; but he has ſo many excellent Qualities in return, that I am ſatiſfied my Siſter would be much more happy with him, than the Perſon you propoſe. I doubt not ſaid the Baron, from the Love you bear your Siſter, but you would always conſult her Advantage ; tell me therefore who this Gentleman is, that I may join with you to obtain his Conſent: Sir, ſaid he, I am already certain of his Conſent ; and my Siſter knows *St. Felix's* Merit, as well as my

my Self. *St. Felix* ! said the Baron, with a haughty Air : What ? Dare the Son of a Peasant, who is born my Vassal, have the Impudence to aspire at being my Relation ? Thus it is, Ingratitude always reigns in the Breasts of those who are meanly descended ; and that Serpent which I have warmed in my Bosom, rebels against his Benefactor. Do you say your Sister consents ? then I am not surprized that the other Gentleman cannot please her ; you have contrived this League against him and my self. In this Fury the Baron sent for his Steward, and ordered him to command *St. Felix* immediately to depart his House. *Sancergues* threw himself at his Father's Feet, and asked Pardon for *St. Felix*, who was in Mademoiselle *de la Sarte's* Apartment, when this Message was brought him. They both guessed at the Reason of his Disgrace, and Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* running into her Father's Apartment found her Brother upon his Knees, and threw herself into the same Posture ; which so affected the good old Gentleman, that he endured all the Struggles of Nature upon such an Occasion ; and would have been prevailed upon by their Tearss if he could have believ'd, that *St. Felix* was born a Gentleman. But on the contrary, taking a firm Resolution, he said, talk to me of it no more, let him instantly obey my Orders, lest he be com-

compelled to it; and when he had said this, retired into another Room, to prevent being moved to Compassion.

Sancergues and his Sister looked at each other, equally penetrated with Grief; and *Mademoiselle de la Sarte* locked her self up in her Apartment, abandoned to the utmost Sorrow, while her Brother went to *St. Felix*, to whom he expressed his Concern at this severe Sentence of his Father's; protesting, that it should not in the least diminish his Friendship for him. They went out together to the Curate's, to whom they related what had passed in the Castle. The good Priest gently remonstrated to *St. Felix*, that he was deficient in his Duty to the Baron; and though he would not be the only one who had married his Master's Daughter, he ought to have waited till he had made such a Motion himself, or endeavoured to have deserved it by his Services; promising to use his Endeavours towards an Accommodation; and offer'd him an Apartment in his House in the mean time. *St. Felix* returned him thanks for his Hospitality; and *Sancergues* told him, he should gratefully acknowledge those Favours he bestowed upon his Friend. And when he had assured *St. Felix* that he would preserve him in the good Graces of his Sister, they parted, equally penetrated with Sorrow.

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On the other hand Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, who endeavoured to comfort her Friend, looking upon this as an ill Omen, despaired the Baron's Consent to her own Marriage, and told *Sancergues* her Opinion the first time she saw him. Thus every thing was in Confusion in that Family, and the greatest Sorrow succeeded the greatest Joy. The Baron spake no more to his Children, who behaved themselves with all due Respect to him notwithstanding, though they looked upon him as an Obstacle to their Happiness.

Monsieur *Daunay* made use of the Liberty granted him by the Baron to visit them often; but had no Reason to boast of his Reception by Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* and her Brother. This did not however discourage him; and he came so often, that at length he surprized *St. Felix* with his Mistress, when the Baron was abroad. This unlucky Accident grieved them both; and Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*, who seldom saw *St. Felix*, being willing to improve so favourable an Opportunity, gave Orders to say that she was a little indisposed, and desired to be excused the Honour of seeing him that Day; but the Brute who continually advanced, pretending not to understand what the Servant said, entered Mademoiselle *de la Sarte's* Room, and found her sitting upon a Couch with *St. Felix*.
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They were both in some Confusion, at the Sight of this Gentleman; and all the poor Lady could do at this Juncture was to receive a Visit, and be very obliging to a Person she despised. Mr. *Daunay* perceiving his Rival more welcome than himself, judged him to be the Cause of the cold Reception with which he had met, and resolved to be reveng'd upon him for the Affront. But wanting Courage to take revenge himself, he planted some Ruffians, who watched him to the Corner of a Wood, as he was shooting with *Sancergues*. These Assassins, who were four, fired immediately upon *Sancergues*, wounded him in the Arm, and shot a Ball through his Hat. *St. Felix* fired his Piece, and laid one of the Ruffians dead upon the Spot; but the other two not having discharged, fired directly at him, and laid him upon the Ground, and then fled into the Wood. The News of this Assassination reaching the Castle, the Baron ordered the Horses to his Coach, and went toward the Forest, where he was heartily concerned to see *St. Felix* in so deplorable a Condition. His Son covered with Blood, said to him, Sir, you see a Man expire, endeavouring to save your Son's Life. I should have received the same Wounds, and been in the same Condition in which you see him, if he had

had covered me with his own Body. The Baron, shocked at these Words, and the miserable Condition of *St. Felix*, swore he would revenge his Death, and the Assassination of his Son, if he could discover the Ruffians. The Coachman replied, that he knew the Man who was killed to be one of Monsieur *Daunay's* Footmen; that's sufficient said the Baron, the dead Body will help us to make a farther Discovery, and I am resolved to have Justice done upon this Occasion. Then they put the wounded Gentleman into the Coach, and the dead Body into a Cart, The two young Ladies were inconsolable at the Sight of their Lovers in this miserable Condition; especially Mademoiselle *de le Sarte*, who had a two-fold cause of Grief, to see her Brother wounded, and her Lover at the Point of Death. They sent for the Curate, who confessed him, and for Surgeons to dress his Wounds.

The Baron used his utmost Endeavours to discover the Assassins, and apprehended one of them, who confessed that he had committed the Murder by Monsieur *Daunay's* Order. Upon this, the Baron caused him to be seized, but had no Occasion to prosecute him; his own Vassals, as soon as he was in Prison, going to *Tours*, prayed the Intendant not to release

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him ;

him ; there appeared above twenty Witnesses against him, of whom the four principal were found guilty of Murder, besides the Assassination. He was afterwards tried and Condemned to be beheaded which was accordingly executed eight Days after.

St. Felix's Satisfaction in being restored to the Baron's Favour, and the Pleasure of being near his Mistress, added to a happy Constitution, afforded him some Hopes of his Recovery. An eminent Surgeon attended him by the Baron's Order, till he was out of Danger, who performed the Cure in a Month's time. Another Incident happened at this time, which was the Death of *Radigues*, who acquainted the Curate that confessed him before his Death, that he had a Secret of the greatest Importance to communicate to him. He told him, that *St. Felix*, who always passed for his Son, was not his own Child, but one that had been nursed by his Wife ; that the Person who had committed him to his Care, refused to declare who were his Parents, and that he had received Money sufficient for his Maintenance, till they came to reclaim him. That his Wife being dead, he could not trust any one with this Secret but himself ; that if any body should chance to enquire after him, his true Parents might be known
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by bringing half a Ring which would answer the other half he put into his Hands ; and that he was convinced the Child was well descended, by the Richness of his Dress, when he was first brought. After he had disclosed this Secret to the Curate, the good Man died ; but they concealed his Death from *St. Felix*, lest it should give him too great a Concern. The Curate faithfully reported to the Baron all that *Radigues* had said upon his Death Bed ; and the good Gentleman's Joy was inexpressible, to be informed that *St. Felix* was not descended from the Peasant, and that there was still Hopes of discovering that he was of some illustrious Extraction. He took more Care of him from this time than he had done before, and obliged his Son and Daughter to go and take Care of him, who were both extremely pleased to find their Father so much changed in favour of the sick Person. The good old Gentleman often said to *Sancergues*, that he was fully convinced *St. Felix* was not the Peasant's Son, and that he only wanted to know whether he was born a Gentleman, to make him his Son-in-Law ; that he esteemed his Virtue more than all the Treasure in the World, even without a Fortune. *Sancergues*, pleased to see his Father in this happy Disposition, told him, that his Merit and Inclinations had always made

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him

him believe he was of noble Extraction, and should think he had more Honour done him by his Alliance, than by that of any Gentleman in the Province. We must be thoroughly satisfied of it, said the Baron, there is no haste ; only assure him from me, that he is restored to my Friendship.

Sancergues's Joy at this News made him fly to *St. Felix's* Apartment, where he found his Sister and Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, whom he acquainted with the happy Situation of their Affairs, and of the Baron's Assurance of his Friendship to *St. Felix*, which re-established a Peace in the Family. *St. Felix* now began to walk about his Room, and being all four together when the Baron entered, *St. Felix*, as weak as he was, offer'd to fall upon his Knees, but the Baron prevented him, and obliged him to sit down ; when he was sat, he said to him with a feeble and trembling Voice, Sir, I know I have had the Misfortune to displease you, and humbly ask your Pardon, but have always remember'd the Obligations I am under to you. I am sensible that all I enjoy is from you, and that I should have been a most miserable Creature without you ; if your Daughter's Charms have made me deviate from the Respect due to either of you, I had resolved to die in Silence, as an Expiation of
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my Crime; but your Son, Sir, who saw my melancholy Life daily dwindling away, out of a Generosity which he derives from your self, obliged me to reveal the Secret which I thought to have carried to my Grave.

Dear Child, said the Baron, recover your Health, and be assured that my Honour must be deeply engaged in that Affair, if I do not make you happy. *St. Felix* taking the Baron's Hand kissed it; *Sancergues* did the same, and *Mademoiselle de la Sarte* in particular thank'd her Father for his Kindness towards her; even *Mademoiselle Pinelle* returned him thanks, looking upon this Change in the Baron, as a happy Presage for her self. They were all pleased, and *St. Felix* being gradually restored to his Health, none were more happy than these four Lovers. The Baron himself grew impatient to discover something in favour of *St. Felix's* Birth, when as he was walking before the Castle, amidst a Row of Trees, which terminated in the High Road, he observed a magnificent Equipage to pass by, consisting of a Coach and six white Horses; six Servants in red Liveries accompanied the Coach, which was followed by eight Servants on Horseback, and two Carriages, six Mules and four Sumpter Horses. Where can this Equipage meet with convenient Enter-

tertainment said the Baron ? The Inn belonging to the Village is too small and ill furnish'd to accommodate a Gentleman and such a Number of Domesticks. He is some Person of Distinction in all Appearance, and it would be rude not to compliment a Person of his Rank with an Apartment in my House. He returned home, and ordered his Steward to go to the Master of this Equipage, and tell him he desired that he would do him the Honour to accept of an Apartment in his House ; (this is a Custom among Persons of Quality.)

The strange Lord accepted the Offer, and ordered the Coachman to drive to the Castle ; where when it was arrived, a tall handsome Gentleman alighted, who was an *English* Lord, and had a Lady with him that seemed to be his Spouse ; to whom the Baron offered his Hand to alight, and the Lord thanked him for his Civility of entertaining him at his House : The Baron answered his Compliments, and said that he esteemed it an Honour to himself, and should have been inexcusable, to have suffer'd a Person of his Distinction to lodge at an Inn so ill provided to receive him. When these Compliments had passed, he conducted them into a neat Apartment, where Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* and her Company received the *English* Lady, who
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had formerly been one of the most beautiful Women of the Age ; nevertheless she admired our two young Ladies, and paid them a Compliment. Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* pursued the Discourse, and said, Madam, such Praises are due to your self, and more appears in the Beauty of your Face than we can express. It is true, Madam, said she, I might formerly have boasted of my Beauty, which has been since a Prey to Age and Trouble. During this time the Baron and the *English* Lord entertained each other in Conversation ; and the former asked the other, where he was going, whether his Journey was long, and whether he should not have the Honour of seeing him when he returned ? Sir, says my Lord, we go no farther ; and the Subject of our Journey ought to be found in this Village : and as you are Lord of it, you may perhaps better inform us than another concerning our Enquiry ; for which reason this Lady and my self beg the Favour of a private Conversation with you in any Part of the House. The Baron took them into his Closet, where being seated, the Lady began in the following manner.

The History of Madam de Guilbury.

I Was born at *Paris*, of a Merchant's Family, and my Parents enjoyed a Fortune

Fortune sufficient to enable me to make an Appearance in the finest Assemblies ; and as I wanted neither Beauty or other Accomplishments, several Persons of Distinction made their Addresses to me, and among others this Gentleman, who is descended from one of the most illustrious Families in *Scotland* ; and being inviolably attached to the Family of the *Stuarts*, followed the Fortune of King *Charles*, when he made his Escape into *France*, after his Father was beheaded by the Parliament.

Being at *Paris*, he chanced to see me at an Assembly ; and had no sooner fixed his Eyes upon me, as he has since declared, but he was immediately in love. At that time he appeared to me the gentlest Person in the World. I loved him, and this reciprocal Affection made such a Progress, that I could not refuse the Offer he made, to be privately married, promising to make his Marriage agreeable to his Relations when he came to *London*. Thus we lived together the space of two Years, at the end of which time I found myself with Child.

At the King's Restoration my Lord followed him ; and he has since confessed to me, that by the Inconstancy of his Youth, the Wind and the Waves had deprived him of the Fidelity he had promised me in passing the Channel. I received

ceived no News of him; and being with Child, my Father and Mother had me privately delivered; and committed the Child, which was a Boy, to the Care of a Nurse in this Country: and as it is natural to serve a Relation before another, she gave the Child to a Niece of her's, whose Name was *Radigues*, and lives in this Village. She told me the Peasant recived it with abundance of Joy; having a considerable Sum of Money given him at the same Time. This Woman assured us that she had not satisfied them to whom it belonged, but gave them Orders to educate it as their own, till the Parents came to reclaim it, who were to bring the half of a Ring, the other part of which was left in their hands. As my Delivery was as private as my Marriage, several advantageous Offers have been since made me, and my Lovers have paid their Addresses to me these fifteen Years. But I had given my self so sincerely to this Gentleman, and thought my Marriage so firm, that I made it a scruple to marry another: My Father and Mother died, and soon after an Aunt, who left me a considerable Fortune; for by this Means I became Mistress of above thirty thousand Livres *per Annum*. My Lord came to France to negotiate some important Affair for the King of *England* at that Court,

and discovering that he lived in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, I enquired whether he was married again, and was informed he was not. Then I desired a Gentleman belonging to the Court to speak to him, and he consented to a Conference with me; in this Conference he frankly owned that he had made the same scruple upon our Marriage as myself, and that what prevented him from having it confirmed by his Relations, was his fear that they would not think my Fortune sufficient, his own being much increased since the Restoration of King *Charles*. But being since informed that my Fortune was large enough to satisfy their Avarice, he promised me to ask their Consent; saying, that if they refused it, as he was of a competent Age, he would marry me in Form; his Letter and my thirty thousand Livres *per Annum* produced the desired Effect; we solemnized an authentick Marriage, and come hither to seek the Child to make him legitimate. Madam, says the Baron, you have all the reason imaginable to be pleased with your Journey, and you shall soon see what you look for.

While they were discoursing in this Manner, *Sancergues* and *St. Felix*, who returned from Hunting, were surpris'd to see so grand an Equipage in the Court before the Castle; *Sancergues* immediately enquired

enquired of one of the Servants to whom it belonged, who told him his Master's Name. This Name appearing foregin to him, he began to think they might be some of Mademoiselle *Pinelle's* Relations who were come in Search of her. He told his Thoughts to *St. Felix*, who looked already upon his Alliance with Relations, who by the Appearance of their Equipage were of great Distinction, as a vast Advantage to *Sancergues*. They both flew into the Hall to be informed of the Truth, and were surpris'd to see their Mistresses so calm. What were your Thoughts of all this Grandeur? says Mademoiselle *Pinelle* immediately; *Sancergues* replied, that he had imagined it was her Uncle the Archdeacon of *Liege*, who came to seek for her; but the Serenity of her Countenance convinced him he was mistaken. Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*, to leave him no longer in Pain, told him it was an *English* Lord, and one of the most genteel Persons she had seen; that he had his Lady with him, who was exceeding beautiful. Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, interrupting her, said, she thought he had something of the Air of *St. Felix*. Ah! my Dear, says *Sancergues*, embracing him, if they should be your Relations, how should I rejoice? I should not wish it, says Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*, because my Father would be contented with less;

and am afraid People of this Rank would not be satisfied with a Fortune so small as mine. Ah! my Princess, says *St. Felix*, how happy should I be if my Fortune could add a Lustre to yours; was it even that of a Crown, I would not wear it without you: and if it was offered me by my Relations upon Condition of leaving you, I would not accept it.

During this Conversation the Baron entered the Hall handing the Lady, and the *English* Lord followed. The Baron perceiving our Cavaliers were returned from Hunting, said to *St. Felix*, come forward Sir, and salute your Father and Mother; which he did with an extraordinary Grace. His Mother was surprised at the Grandeur of his Air; and being prepossessed with an Opinion of the Meanness of his Education, could scarce believe it was her Son, though she wished it might be true.

On the other hand, the *English* Lord embracing his Son, said to the Baron, Sir, I make no doubt but his genteel Education is entirely owing to your Generosity; and I shall gratefully acknowledge it as long as I live. Then *Sancergues*, transported with Joy at the Happiness of his Friend, by the Baron's Order drew near and courteously saluted my Lord and Lady *Gulbury*, who expressed their Satisfaction to him

him for his Friendship to their Son in the most obliging Terms; and *St. Felix* extolled the Obligation he was under to him and his Father. While these Compliments were passing, the Curate entered, and brought that Part of the Ring given him by *Radigues* upon his Death Bed, which exactly answered the other Part brought by *Madam Guilbury*.

St. Felix finding his Affairs to take so happy a turn, ventured to say to his Parents that he thought himself happy, in the Discovery of his Descent from so illustrious a Father. Nevertheless the Grief of parting with a Person who was not present, without whom, he could enjoy no Felicity upon Earth, would prevent the Relish of his Happiness. The Lady's Mother observing that he cast his Eyes towards *Mademoiselle de la Sarte*, when he uttered these last Words, told him; I perceive Son, that Love has as great a share in your Expression as Gratitude; but I am so far from blaming your Affection for so amiable an Object, that if we were not under such great Obligations to the Baron as we are, we should ask the Honour of being allied to him as a Favour. The Baron finding himself so much honoured, said, Madam, notwithstanding the Uncertainty I was in of *St. Felix's* Descent, I only wished that he might be
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born a Gentleman to give him my Daughter; but as we know his Pedigree at present, this is an Honour neither my Daughter or my self could expect. Ah! Sir, said my Lord interrupting him, we should be willing to grant any thing in Acknowledgment of your Favours, and to convince you how much we esteem the Honour of being allied to your Family. Then the Baron's Daughter paid a low Reverence as a Mark of their Acknowledgment of the Favour.

When this Conversation was ended, the Steward gave notice the Dinner was ready. They went into the Hall, where an elegant Entertainment was provided, which was highly commended by the Lord and Lady, not only for the Excellency of the Provision, but the Order in which it was served. During Dinner time the Subject of their Conversation turned upon *St. Felix*, and the Alliance they had resolved to conclude. The Baron and his Children expressed an infinite Satisfaction in it; and my Lord and Lady *Guilbury* thought themselves happy, that the Baron was pleased to accept of it as a Recompence for the Obligations they were under.

When they had dined, they went into the Garden, and the Baron gave his Hand to my Lady *Guilbury*, with whom he took proper Measures to terminate an Affair they

they so earnestly desired. *St. Felix* gave his Hand to Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*, to whom he expressed his Joy, that Fortune had at length so happily declared in his favour; and my Lord, who had taken Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, gave *Sancergues* an Opportunity of joining with him, and to acquaint him that he had an humble Request to make. My Lord replied, that he should think it a Happiness to have the Opportunity of serving him, that he might make him some amends for his Friendship to *St. Felix*. Ah! Sir, answer'd *Sancergues*, if I loved him, it is because he is truly amiable; but it will be to your Bounty alone that I shall owe the Favour which I desire you would grant me. Sir, said my Lord, be assured that there is nothing I should refuse you; tell me wherein I can be serviceable. Sir, said he, I love a young Lady, and have hitherto so far dissembled my Affection for her, that my Father is ignorant of it at this Hour; and as I have been deficient in this of the Respect I owe him, I desire you would obtain my Pardon, and at the same time persuade him to approve of my Love, and consent to make me happy by the Marriage I propose.

Sir, said my Lord, I think you are too well born, to make a bad Alliance; and therefore promise to tell him all you desire

fire ; but since you Honour me with this little Embassy, it is proper that I should be acquainted with the Name, Rank and Merit of the Object that has captivated a Heart like your's. It is that Lady, said he, pointing to Mademoiselle *Pinelle*. Ah ! Sir, said he, I shall discharge the Commission you give me with pleasure, and assure you before hand of Success. Your Father is a Gentleman of that Taste, that he cannot be ignorant of that Lady's excellent Qualities. It is true, my Lord, said he, but my Father is ignorant of her Extraction, and believes her to be the Curate's Niece. Then he informed him that she came from *Liege*, how they first became acquainted, and by what Adventure she came to the Baron's ; which so pleased the *English* Nobleman, that he highly extolled their Constancy and Fidelity ; adding, that he would go and use his Endeavours to make them happy ; and went immediately to join the Baron, who had already fixed the Day with the Lady *Guilbury*, for the Celebration of the Marriage of *St. Felix* with Mademoiselle *de la Sarte*.

My Lord being acquainted with it, said to the Baron, Sir, I wait for the Day with Impatience ; but to make it more solemn, I could wish your Son was married on the same Day. The Baron replied, we must make

make haste indeed ; my Son has not yet cast his Eye upon the Object that can fix his Heart, and I am not willing to constrain him upon that Head : But, said my Lord, if he loved a Person worthy of him, would not you consent to his Marriage, if my Lady and my self begged it this Instant ? My Lord and Lady, said he, turning to them both, you may command me ; and if my Son loved a Person whose Descent was no Scandal to his own, I would consent to what you please. Sir, we thank you, said they, the Person we solicit for, is *Mademoiselle Pinelle*. The Baron was as much surprized at this, as when his Son proposed *St. Felix* for his Sister ; but my Lord being unwilling to leave him any longer in an Error, informed him that she came from *Flanders*. The good old Gentleman wept for joy at this News, having always had a very great Tenderness for her, and had often wished she had not been the Curate's Niece, that he might make her his Daughter in Law. He went and embraced her tenderly ; and his Son threw himself at his Feet, and asked Pardon for concealing his Love from him so long ; the Baron readily pardoned him from the Satisfaction of seeing so universal a Content. They were returning to the Castle, when a Footman came and informed *Sancergues*, that a Courier from

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Flanders

Flanders desired to speak to him; he left the Company to go and see who this Courier was; and in his Absence they informed the Baron by what Adventure Mademoiselle *Pinelle* came to his House. *Sancerques*, for his Part, could not conceive from what Part of *Flanders* the Courier should come; but was extremely surprized, when he found him to be *Don Francisco de la Torta*; and as he had generously given him his Liberty, he thought himself obliged to receive him handsomely in return. He asked him by what Accident he came to have the Honour of seeing him. The *Spaniard* answered him, that the King his Master having recalled him into *Catalonia*, to take upon him the Government of *St. Flix*, he passed by *Liege* with a design to visit Mademoiselle *Pinelle's* Relations, who had procured him a Passport through *France*. They obliged me, added he, to promise, that I would use my utmost Endeavours to discover the Place of her Retreat; and not knowing to whom I should apply myself, I took the Liberty, upon the Letter I had the Honour to receive from you, to come and ask you where she was; flattering my self, that you would not refuse me such a Favour, that I might discharge my Promise; for they obliged me to promise them, that I would marry her and take her

her with me into *Spain*; and gave me their Consent in form for that Purpose.

Sir, said *Sancergues*, I am under too many Obligations to you to refuse you any thing, and am too sensible of your Generosity, to imagine that you would want that respect to a Person for whom you have so great an Esteem, as to compel her to go to *Spain* contrary to her Inclinations. You do me justice in that, said the *Spaniard*; but when she knows the Reasons that ought to oblige her to go with me, and that she has no other Method of being restored to the Love and Affection of her Family, I believe she will not oppose it. Ah! says *Sancergues*, if you employ Reasons only to obtain her Consent, you shall see her in a short time; and if she yields to your Remonstrances, I have nothing to say.

As they had finished this Discourse the Company drew near: My Lord and Mademoiselle *Pinelle* entered first into the Hall where they were, which occasioned in them different Passions. My Lord, who was acquainted with the *Spaniard* at *Brussels*, ran and embraced him; Mademoiselle *Pinelle*, on the other hand could not endure the sight of the Stranger, looking upon him as an Obstacle to her Happiness, and the Quiet of her Life; and fainting away, was carried into her Apartment.

When she had recovered herself, fetching a deep Sigh, she said, weak Hopes, why have you so soon abandoned me? and thou wicked *Spaniard*, why do you come to disturb my Joy, at the happy Disposition of my Affairs, by your hateful Presence? but let your Design against me be what it will, I will sooner suffer Death than ever consent to give you my Hand,

While she was talking in this manner, my Lord and *Francisco* were complimenting each other, and renewing their Acquaintance. *Sancergues* presented the Stranger to his Father, acquainting him in how generous a manner he had acted towards him. The Baron, who both loved and practised that Virtue more than any Person in the World, returned him thanks. *St. Felix* and Mademoiselle *de la Sarte* receiv'd him with the utmost Civility; which obliged him to say, I am no longer surprized that Mademoiselle *Pinelle* has so little Inclination to return into *Flanders*, since no Estimate can be made of a Person's Happiness, who enjoys the Company of Persons of so distinguish'd a Rank and Merit; and from this Instant, I so far despair of Success in what her Parents desire, that I know not whether I should mention it. My Lord taking the Hint, said, you have the less Reason

Reason to expect it, because we design her for this accomplished Gentleman; and if the young Lady's Relations knew the Rank, Merit and Probity of the Father and the Son, they would not wait a Moment to give their Consent to conclude a Marriage which would be an Honour to their Family. That is true, replied *Francisco*, but my own Interest is concern'd; if I surrender her, what shall I do with my Heart? My Lord replied, I pity you as you are not beloved, and am persuaded the Lady her self has some Compassion for you; but Destiny and Love are not always according to our Desires; upon that Footing, it would be much more honourable to resign her generously, than to possess her against her Will; for you have no Possession of a Woman without her Heart; if you took her with you to *Catalonia*, perhaps you would have the trouble to see her die with Grief, which you would eternally regret.

This Discourse, added to what he had observed of that illustrious Family, made him put a constraint upon himself; and his Generosity overcoming his Love, he embraced *Sancergues*, saying, Sir I yield that to you, which was most dear to me in the World; and since I could never be so happy as to please her, she will not be displeased at this last Action. I shall do
more,

more; I will write in such a manner to her Relations, that I make no doubt of their consent to what you desire; and in effect asked for Pens and Paper: they told him he would find them in his Bed-Chamber, upon which he retired and wrote the following Letter to Mademoiselle Pinelle's Father:

S I R,

I Have been so happy as to find your Daughter, who is in perfect Health; she is at the House of a Gentleman of Distinction, where they have so great a Respect and Esteem for her, that the Father of that illustrious Family looks upon her as his own Daughter; and I doubt not, if you was acquainted with their Nobility, Candour, and Fortune, but you would wish it so in Effect, by giving her to the eldest Son of that illustrious House. As to my own Part, notwithstanding my Love for her, I should have been sorry to have separated two Hearts so perfectly united; and since I find that a greater Advantage will accrue to her by marrying Monsieur Sancergues, Son of the Baron de la Sarte, who is a Gentleman very genteel in his Person and extraordinary in his Qualifications, I have undertaken to acquaint you with it, and advise you as a Friend not to oppose so advantageous an Alliance; and this is all the Service

*Service can be done by your most humble
Servant,*

Don Francisco de la Torta.

*From the Castle of Raguidelles in
Touraine by Tours.*

*P. S. I shall stay here a Fortnight, in
which time I flatter my self to have the
Honour of an Answer.*

Before he seal'd this Letter he read it to the whole Company, which drew upon him the Praises of every Body present: Mademoiselle *Pinelle* told him, that if she had two Hearts she would divide them between *Sancergues* and himself; but having only one, of which she was no longer Mistress, she would always preserve a grateful Acknowledgment of his Generosity, and would never forget his Greatness of Soul.

The *Spaniard*, affected at this Discourse, kissed her Hand, and bathed it with his Tears; and *Sancergues* in Complaisance to him gave him the Liberty of enjoying her Company, and intreated her to receive him with the same Civility as she would himself.

My Lord and Lady *Guilbury* being in Expectation of a favourable Answer to *Don Francisco's* Letter, did not press the Conclusion of their Son's Marriage, being willing they should be both celebrated at
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the same time; and *Mademoiselle de la Sarte*, who loved her Companion, wished their Happiness might be crown'd the same Day. Therefore they all waited with Impatience the return of the Post, which at length brought the following Answer.

S I R,

FROM a Knowledge of the Justness of your Actions and Probity, I have no Reason to doubt of what you acquaint me concerning my Daugbter. I had destined her for you, but Heaven which had ordered it otherwise, has made your self the Instrument of this Change. I am infinitely pleased with the Advantages attending it, and no body but your self could have made me sensible that she could have found greater than with you. I have too great an Esteem for you not to pay a Deference to your Opinion, and I beseech you to be a Father to her, since my Age renders me incapable of undertaking so long a Journey. I shall transmit to you all things necessary to terminate an Affair, from whence I draw a happy Presage by your Information. I take the Liberty of sending my service to that illustrious Family, to which my Daughter is to be united, and am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant

Pinelle.

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It is impossible to express the Joy of the whole Company upon reading this Letter, and what Compliments were paid the *Spaniard* for his Generosity. Now their Thoughts were wholly bent upon making Preparations to celebrate this double Marriage; and *Don Francisco* being provided with a Procuration, and all things necessary, as he could not be Mademoiselle *Pinelle's* Bridegroom, served her as a Father on the Day of her Marriage.

The generous *Spaniard*, who knew the Nature of human Weakness as well as any Man in the World, after he had expressed so much Resolution, was unwilling to expose himself to their Reproach, by shewing the least Mark of Regret, at the delivery of what he most esteemed in the World, into the Arms of his Rival: And therefore took leave of the Company after the Celebration of the Marriages. *Sancergues* embracing him, expressed all the Acknowledgment imaginable for the Possession of a Blessing which he owed entirely to him. At length he departed, carrying with him both the Esteem and Admiration of those who had been Witnesses to his Generosity. So true it is, that this Virtue is adored by those who have any Sentiments of Honour and Probity.

Greatest Part of the Nobility of the Province were invited to the Wedding,

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which

which was celebrated with the utmost Magnificence in Honour to the Company. The two married Ladies appeared that Day like two Stars, and were so equally admired, that those who would decide in favour of the one, were obliged to suspend their Judgment by the Charms of the other. And indeed those who were prepossessed in favour of *Mademoiselle de la Sarte*, upon account of her grand Air and majestic Stature, remained in suspense as soon as they saw the other. Her pleasant Countenance and the Vivacity of her Eyes made her as lovely as the Sweetness of the former was engaging. In short, in these two different Beauties, those Charms were to be found as would satisfy the most difficult Tastes, and every body was in equal Admiration of both. If these two Ladies had Charms sufficient to please the two Cavaliers, the two Bridegrooms were no less agreeable in their Persons to please the Ladies. *Sancergues's* grand Air and noble Behaviour pleased the most serious, and *St. Felix* was the Admiration of those who were more gay; he danced with such Activity and Justness, as attracted the Eyes of the Spectators.

At length this grand Day concluded to the Satisfaction of the whole Assembly, and the Magnificence of the Entertainment was answerable to the rest. The
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Excellency of the Provision, the Neatness in which it was served, the Quantity of Sweet-Meats, and Variety of Wines were not spared at this Feast. The Splendor and good Order was not the least Ornament of this Feast. The Baron ravished with this new Alliance, felt in himself the utmost Joy of a Father to see his Family increased in Riches, Honour, and Virtue ; while my Lord and Lady expressed the greatest Satisfaction a Father and Mother can express, when their Children are allied to a Family no ways inferior in Rank. They looked upon their Son's Marriage with *Mademoiselle de la Sarte* as the compleatest Work of Love and Matrimony. *St. Felix*, who thought himself at the height of human Happiness, looked upon the Possession of his new Spouse, as the Heir to a Crown who unexpectedly comes to the Throne, when he is surrounded with the Splendor of his Court, and enjoying the richest Treasure in the World. *Mademoiselle de la Sarte* had a modest Joy, which added Lustre to her Beauty on that Day ; but was sometimes disturbed at the Thoughts of her cruel Separation from her Father, to which she was obliged by this long wished for Marriage : but being always Mistress of solid Reason, she avoided to shew the least Concern for fear of interrupting the Joy of the Company.

Sancergues and his new Spouse peaceably relished the Pleasure of mutually possessing what they most loved. In short, there was a general Satisfaction in the Family for some time; and my Lord, who had contracted an habitual Friendship with the Baron, looked upon the approaching time of parting with Sorrow, which he was obliged to comply with, the Affairs of his Family requiring his Presence.

The first Word he mentioned upon the Subject of his return, alarmed the whole Family, and their Sorrow was now as universal as their Joy before. *St. Felix* comforted his new Bride, whose filial Tenderness made her exceeding melancholy. Madam, said he, must the greatest Happiness I could enjoy be this Day the Cause of all your Grief? I only aspired to make you happy. Sir, said she, I am contented with my Destiny with regard to your self; but permit me to grant Nature those Tears that I cannot deny her; you know the Value of such a Father's Affection as well as my self, whom I am obliged to leave at an Age, which deprives me of the Hopes of seeing him more; therefore it is not without Reason, knowing his Tenderness for me, that I fear my Absence may shorten his Days. I know my Duty notwithstanding, I am at present
your's,

your's, and ought to follow you, the Law commands it of me, but does not forbid me to shed Tears at parting with a Father, who so tenderly loves me.

St. Felix at these Words, felt as great a Concern in his Heart to leave the Baron as his Lady herself, having always esteemed him as a Father; and *Sancergues*, from whom he thought never to part came continually in his Mind.

In short, they were all affected with Sorrow at this Separation; even my Lord and Lady *Guilbury* were troubled; but what gave them the greatest Concern, was when *Sancergues* and *St. Felix* embraced each other to bid adieu, as well as their Spouses. *St. Felix's* Lady closely embracing *Sancergues's*, said to her, Dear Sister, according to the Course of Nature, which subjects us to Intermarriages, and obliges us to pass the remainder of our Days at a Distance from those who gave us Birth, and to abandon the Place of our Education: I am going away, and you succeed in my Place; would to God that in leaving my Place to you near my Father, that I could also leave you the same Sentiments for him; nevertheless, what gives me the greatest Comfort in my Affliction, is that Tenderness and Love you have shewn to my Brother, which gives me Reason to hope that it may extend to his Father. You know the Value
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of his Friendship as well as I do, and how dear his Life is to my Brother as well as my self. I conjure you therefore, dear Sister, by all that is valuable to you in the World, to take care of him as your Husband's Father.

Sister, said she, there was no Necessity to recommend him so earnestly to my Care, I know my Duty; if I have left my own Father to give my self to your's, it is not for want of Duty or Respect to him. Trust me with the Care of a Father, for whom I have all the Tenderness and Respect imaginable, and whose own Merit and obliging Behaviour requires it. He is at present as dear to me as to your self, and you shall be convinced how much I am concerned in his Health, by the Care I shall take to inform you of it.

The Baron, who was present while these tender Expressions passed, had not the Weakness of most Men of his Age upon such an Occasion; though he felt some paternal Tenderness and Struggles within himself; he received their Embraces and Adieus with wonderful Resolution, and saw them depart like a true Stoick.

The good old Gentleman staid at home with his Daughter-in-Law, with whom he constantly kept Company, while his Son, according to his own example, quitted the Caresses of his Spouse, to follow the Army when the Necessities of the State required it.

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This young Nobleman acquired so much Honour and Reputation in the Army, that he still maintains a considerable Rank among the principal Officers of the Government, and his Father lived honourably to a good old Age.

Thus it may be observed that Virtue always makes a glorious End; and this History furnishes us with different Examples of it in various Characters.

Don Francisco de la Torta shews us by a generous Resignation of his Mistress to his Rival, that we ought not to be such Slaves to our Passions, as entirely to banish Reason. The Consent which my Lord and Lady gave to the Marriage of their Son with the Baron's Daughter, although her Fortune was inferior, is an Instance of the Baron's Care in the Education of his Son, and teaches us at the same time that a Heart truly great and noble, is always grateful, and that Ingratitude dwells only in such Souls as are mean. The Patience and Submission of *St. Felix* teaches us the Method of surmounting the greatest Difficulties, in Opposition to all Obstacles.

The Constancy and respectful Love of *Sancergues*, is an Example of the just dependance Children ought to have with Respect to their Parents, as far as concerns their Settlement in the World; and that those who contract Marriages without their

their Consent, expose themselves to a long and tedious Repentance.

In short, the Baron's Conduct being an Example worthy the Nobility, they may learn from hence, that they ought to sacrifice themselves for the good of the State; and that they cannot in Honour retreat, till they have employed the prime of their Years in the Service of their Prince and Country: and when these Obligations are satisfied, and Strength and Vigour are diminished by Age, then it is honourable for a Gentleman to retire from the Cares of the World, and enjoy the Sweetness of a peaceable Solitude. Thus Gentlemen, by the Baron's Example, ought to instruct their Children in the Principles of Virtue, by communicating to them the Fruits of a long Experience, and by their own Lessons make them capable of supplying the Place we are obliged by Nature to resign.

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